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THE ACCEPTANCE. BY JOEL BENTON.

No more to plot, or plan, or dream;
A glory greater than I guessed
Has dawned. How strangely does it seem

For, out of girlhood's broad domain, Bewilderingly looked o'er and o'er, No flower (to me 'tis very plain) So fair was ever won before.

The sweet, glad wonder in her eyes, The lips which only love has pressed, The warm and palpitant surprise, The shy response shyly confessed,

Are like the light that never was Inhabitant of land or sea, And of all earthly mysteries The one bewitching mystery.

In her does Psyche's form arise? Is beauty's spell wove from her eyes?

Do radiant splendors wreathe her he

I have not asked. I only know Some sweet perfection holds control, And, where rare human virtues flow, Beams forth the dearest human soul.

O sky! the morn that's risen to-day Outshines the brightness of your blue; November's screness turns to May, And this bleak world is born nnew.

MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE "THE MYSTERY," "THE EARL'S MEIRS." "THE CHANNINGS, "A LIFE'S ESCRET," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

ALNWICK COTTAGE. A blazing hot day in August. More especially hot it felt at the railway station of Offord, a quiet country village; for it was a small, bare station, with not a tree, and but little covering about it, to shade

From the love incidental to Englishmen, of temporary change, of new scenes, Mr. Yorke quitted Saxonbury, its com-forts and its elegancies, for a "shootingbox" in another county. All he knew of "Alawick Cottage," he knew through an advertisement, except what he learned by two or three letters from Mr. Maskell, who had the charge of letting it, furnished.—

Excellent fishing and shooting were promised, and Mr. Yorke had taken it for six cried the sympathizing clerk. months. It stood nearly a mile beyond months. It stood nearly a mile beyond the village. No one was at the station to meet them, and Mr. Yorke in his haughter and, before the surgeon got there—who alty spirit, was not pleased at the omission.

"I wonder he was not there," she answered. "But something may have pre-wented him, Arthur, we don't know."

year or so of thirty, bound it up, ordered the boy to be kept quiet, and said he would send in a little calming medicine.

"May I dare to shake hands with you?" "I think I shall take a stroll out and he asked, with a frank pleasant smile, but

"Not that I know of," she answered. "The servants can see about all that."

of Offord. When he reached the village, one of the first houses he saw was Mr. Maskeli's, as the door-plate announced: "Mr. Muskell, Lawyer and Conveyancer. He rang, and was admitted.

"I am so sorry not to have met you at the station," began Mr. Maskell, when he learnt who his visitor was. "I was called suddenly out of Offord this morning to make a gentleman's will, and have not been home half-an-hour. I have despatched my clerk to Alawick Cottage with hesitated, but probably thought she must "It seems a very poor place," remarked

Mr. Yorke. "The village can't boast much, but the neighborhood is superior: a small society, but excellent. Capital shooting, too!

"Have you good medical advice "He is a very nice young fellow, our doctor. We have but one: the place would

not support more. Not but what he makes a good thing of it." Mr. Yorke's lip curled. He had not been thinking of "nice young fellows."

been thinking of "nice young fellows," but of superior medical skill. "I asked you about the doctor before I decided on the cottage, and you wrote me word there was an excellent one," said he, in a dissatisfied tone. "It is most essential, where there's a family, to be near a clever med-"We all think him very clever," replied

the lawyer. "He bought the practice three years ago: our surgeon had died, and I negotiated its sale with this gentleman. He has attended us ever since, and is a expresses the feeling each wished to show great favorite. He was in London for to the other. Whatever there may have two years before that, qualified assistant been of love or romance between them a to a large medical practitioner. Plenty of few years ago, it was over now. Whatevexperience he had there: it was a large hos- er sentimental reminiscence each had hithpital practice. He was smoking his cigar erto retained of the other, whether any or with me yesterday evening; he often runs none, they knew that from that afternoon in, does Janson; and was saying"-"What is his name?" interrupted Mr. Yorke, his accent shrill and unnatural.

Yorke was attacked with sudden deafness and why his eyes glared, and his teeth shone out, so like fangs.

"Janson," he repeated—"Edward Jan-

son. Do you know him? Mr. Yorke's mouth closed again, and his manner calmed down. "It is a curious name," said be. "Is it English?"

"Of Dutch origin, I suppose. Janson is an Englishman."

Does he live in the village?" "A few doors lower down. It is the corner house as you come to Rye Lahe: Janson. the garden door at the back opens on the lane. I assure you, sir, you may call in this gentleman with every confidence, from it. A shudder, strange and should you or your family require medical passed through Mr. Yorke's veins.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 3, 1875. VOL. 1.

puted to go through the house with the lawyer's clerk and the inventory. The eldest child, a boy of four years, chose, and he had a will of his own, to attend on Finch: Finch sudmitting to the companionship, failing in some coaxing attempts to get rid of him. But after a while he grew tired of the process of looking at chairs and tables and cups and saucers,

and quitted her to go down stairs.
"Go to Charlotte, Leo dear," said Finch.
"I shall soon have done. Charlotte," she called out, over the balustrades, "see to Master Leo.

When Finch and the clerk had finished the inventory, the former proceeded to the small room on the ground floor, which had been appropriated as the nursery. In the list it was set down as "butler's pan-try." Charlotte, the under-nurse, sat there with the youngest child asleep in her lap. "Where's Master Leo?" asked Flach, abbreviating, as she usually did, his name "Leopold." "I sent him here, and order-

ed you to see after him."

"He didn't come." was Charlotte's answer, "and the little one was just dropping off to sleep. Master Leo wouldn't come here to me, if he could go to hie mamma."

"You'd let him be with his mamma forever, you would, if it saved yourself a lit-tle trouble." cried Finch, who of course domineered over Charlotte. upper-nurse fashion. "I hate this moving, I do! such a bother! nothing to be got at, and one's regular meals and hours upset. I'm as tired as a poor jaded horse. And you sitting here doing nothing, with that child on your lap! You might have laid him down, and got a cup of tea for us."

"Am I to lay him on the floor?" retort-ed Charlotte. "I don't know which is to be the children's bed." Finch flung out of the room in search of Leo: her labors that day, and the dis-

mistress out: and the lawyer's clerk, who off the sun's hot glare. The two o'clock train came puffing up, stopped, deposited a few passengers and a good deal of lugwas departing, heard it, and ran back in

gage, and went screaming and puffing on reared against the side of the house, and had climbed up in all a boy's adventurous.

Nearly all who had alighted were of one spirit. He had fallen off, poor child, it party. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, their two was impossible to say from what height, young children, and some servants. She and now lay insensible on the gravel, with was young and beautiful still, but her man-ner had grown colder. Little trace re-mained of the gay lightness of Maria Sax-Finch stopped her groans and lamenta-

tions, and stooped to pick him up. But Mrs. Yorke snatched him from her, and crounched down on the earth, with one knee raised, and laid him upon it. She looked with a hopeless, helpless express-

ed the sympathizing clerk. the deemed that Mr. Maskell ought to have been there. "It is a disrespect which he ought no to have shown me," he remarked to his wife, when the bustle of their arrival at tractive as he used to be, wanting yet a year or so of thirty, bound it up, ordered gree, for he was blindly prejudiced, and green the control of their arrival at tractive as he used to be, wanting yet a said that it appeared him in any great degree, for he was blindly prejudiced, and

have a look at the locality," resumed Mr. with a somewhat heightened color, when Yorke. "Do you want anything ordered he and Mrs. Yorke were left alone. She placed her hand within his, quite as frankly, though the glow was far deep-

er on her face than on his. "How strange Mr. Yorke departed, taking the direction | that we should meet here!" she exclaimed. "I recognized you the moment you came

"As I did you " haretriened "Rut I was prepared. It was a matter of speculation in my mind, whether the Mr. and Mrs. Yorke who were coming to Alnwick Cottage, could be you and your husband, until Maskell set it at rest by saving it was Mr. Yorke of Saxonbury. I have been settled at Offord these three years.

the inventory. Sir, I hope you will like finish her question as she begun it-"mar-

"To my profession I am. My thoughts nd hopes have been wholly given to it

prepared for something worse, by the acod, especially on the head and face, those not accustomed to it .-These accidents will happen where there are children. He is your eldest?

"I will send up the medicine I spoke of, and call again in the morning," said Mr. Janeon, rising. "Make my compliments to Mr. Yorke,"

Mr. Janson departed, and Mrs. Yorke looked after him. As he turned to close the iron gate, he saw her standing at the window and politely raised his hat, and Mrs. Yorke politely bowed in return. Politely: the word is put advisedly: it best henceforth, they subsided into their proper and respective positions, -Mrs. Yorke as another's wife, and Mr. Janson but as a friend of her and her husband's; as honorable, right-minded persons, in similar cases, ought, and would, and do subside.

Mr. Yorke, after exploring as far as he thought necessary that day, turned back to his new home. His thoughts ran not on the features of the village, or on the lovely scenery around, or on the fishing or the shooting; they dwelt exclusively on the few words of Mr. Maskell which had reference to the surgeon with a deep and nourished hate; and he would infinitely have preferred to find he had visited a locality where poison grew rank in the fields, like weeds, than one containing Edward

He was drawing pretty near to his own gate when he saw a gentleman emerge from it. A shudder, strange and cold, Meanwhile, during this walk of Mr.
Yorke's everybody was busy at Alnwick

Meanwhile, during this walk of Mr.

Yorke's everybody was busy at Alnwick

Of his thoughts? It was! Janson, and no Cottage, as is the case when going into a other! What! had he already found out fresh residence. Finch, the nurse, a con-fidential servant, who had been Mrs. Yorke's lips opened in their usual ugly fashion, when displeased.

Mr. Janson did not observe him. He and he still mounted out the same cry, walked straight across the road, got over a stile, and was lost behind the hedge.— "He may well try to avoid my observa-tion," thought Mr. Yorke, in his prejudice. Had he been told the real facts-that Mr Janson did not see him, and being in a hurry, was taking the short way through the fields to his home-he would have refused his belief.

Matters were not mended when Mr. Y orke turned in at his gate. There stood his wife at the window, her eyes unmis-takably fixed on the path taken by Mr. Janson. She looked flushed and excited, which indeed was the effect of her late fright about the child. But Mr. Yorke

set it down to a different cause.
"I am glad you have come home," she exclaimed, when he entered. "An unfortunate thing has happened."
"I know," burst forth Mr. Yorke. "No need to tell me."

Maria supposed he had seen the law-yer's clerk. What else could she suppose? "It will not end badly," she continued, fearing he was angry at its having happened—"Mr. Janson says so. Only think! he is the doctor here. You must have

seen him leaving the house?"
"Yes,I did see him," retorted Mr. Yorke, nearly choking with his efforts to keep down his anger. "What brought him

"I sent for him. At least, I sent"____ "And how dared you send for him, or admit him to my house? How could you seize the moment my back was turned, to fetch him to your side? Was the meeting, may I ask, a repetition of the parting? "What can you be talking of?" uttered Mrs. Yorke, petrified at the outburst.—

'What do you mean?'
"I mean Janson," hissed Mr. Yorke-Janson, your former favored lover. Have I been so distasteful a husband to you, that you must indecently fetch han here in the first hour of your arrival? Who told you that he lived at Offord? How did you ferret it out? Or have you known it all along, and concealed the knowledge from

Maria sank back in her chair, awed and newildered. "I do think you are out of "No; I leave that to you: you are far

more out of your mind than I am. List-en: I have a warning to give you," he ad-ded, nearly unconscious what he said in his passion. "Get Janson to visit you landestinely again, and I will shoot him." Maria rose majestically. "I do not un-ierstand the word 'clandestine'," she haughtily said. "It can never apply to me. When the accident happened to Leo-pold—and I truly thought he was dead, and so did Finch, and so did the young man who had been going over the invent-ory—and I begged the young man to run for the nearest surgeon, I no more knew that it was Mr. Janson who would come, than did the senseless child. But it did prove to be Mr. Janson, and he dressed the wound of the child, and he is coming again to him to-morrow morning. He came here professsionally, to attend your child, sir, not to see me. 'Clandestine!'"

She swept out of the room, her face flashing with indignation, and Mr. Yorke strode up stairs to Leopold's bedroom, and jealousy and suspicion had turned his mind to gangrene. They had been smouldering there for years: perhaps the cons-ciousness had been upon him throughout, that they would sometimes burst into a flame. On the whole, his had been a happy wedded life, and his wife had not made him the less good wife because she had

once loved Edward Janson, On the following morning Mr. Janson came, according to his promise. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke were at breakfast. He shook hands with Mrs. Yorke, then turned, with his honest, open countenance, and held out his hand to Mr. Yorke. did not choose to see it, but he did move his own to indicate a chair. "Thank you, I am pressed for time," replied Mr. Janson, laying his hand on the back of the chair, but not taking it. "This is my hour for visiting Lady Rich, who is a great invalid. She lives a little past you, up the road. How is my young patient?"

"He seems much better," answered Mrs. Yorke. "He is asking to get up. "A most disgraceful piece of

"Will the child do well?" she inquired. Mr. Yorke. "I have told the head nurse "Oh yes. It is but a slight affair. I was again, she quits Mrs. Yorke's service. It ight have killed him." "Yes, it might," assented Mr. Janson. "Can I go to his room?"

Mrs. Yorke rose. "The one on the right, on the second floor," she said. "I vill follow you directly. Finch is there. Mr. Janson passed from the room and ascended the stairs; Mrs. Yorke stopped to speak to her husband.

"I must hear his opinion of the child. and shall go up. Would you like to ac-company me?" she added, not wholly able to conceal the contempt of her tone. "No." Mr. Yorke felt angry with him-

They came down shortly, both Mr. Janson and Mrs. Yorke. "He is so much better that the difficulty will be to keep him quiet," said the surgeon. "He must be still for a day or two.

"You are sure there is no danger?" asked Mr. Yorke, who was now standing at the open window. "Oh, none in the world. I will look in

again to-morrow. Good-morning, sir; good-morning, Mrs. Yorke." Mr. Yorke had thawed very much: perhaps the matter-of-fact, straightforward manner of Mr. Janson reassured him. "It is a hot day again," said he, as Mr. Jan-

on passed the window. "Very. By the way, Mrs. Yorke," added the surgeon, halting for a moment, "you must not suffer the boy to stir outside. The sun might affect his head."
"Of course not," she answered.

However, Leopold did get outside, he and his white-bandaged foreheed, and tore about, boy-like, the sun's hot rays streaming full on his uncovered head. In ome twenty minutes he was discovered; the bandage off, and he as scarlet as a redhot engine boiler. Suddenly he began to scream out, "My head aches! my head aches!" Finch said it was "temper," being fetched in, and crossly assured him I his head did ache, which she didn't believe, for he never had a headache, it had come as a punishment for stealing out in disabediance

But at night the child was so ill and surgeon. Leopold's face had not paled, we have got none.

"My head, my head!" "He has been out," exclaimed Mr. Jan-m. "Why was I disobeyed? This is a

sun-stroke. The boy's self-will was alone to blame Mrs. Yorke had coaxed him intolying on the sofa in the drawing-room "for a nice mid day sleep," and went into the nursery, leaving him, safe. Up jumped Master Leopold the instant he found himself at liberty, and dropped down from the low window, which stood so temptingly open. That was how it happened. His heart was set upon getting i so the garden, sim-ply because it was denied to him.

CHAPTER X.

JEALOUS POUBTS.

A few days, and Leopold Yorke was so ar recovered, that at intermittent fever alone remained. Mr. Yorke, in spite of his jealous prejudices, had been obliged to submit to Mr. Janson's frequent visits, for there was no other doctor within ten miles, and the safety of his son and heir was par-

The neighborhood had hastened to make acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, and an early invitation arrived for them to take a quiet dinner at Squire Hipgrave's. It was accepted by both, for Leopold's In-termittent fever was subsiding, and they

were no longer under alarm for him.

On the appointed evening, they found a small party of seven at the squire's, themselves included. The eighth seat had been meant for Mr. Janson, but he had been called out unexpectedly, and was unable to come. The gentlemen's conversation turned upon out-door sports, and after dinner, when coffee was over, they went out, that Mr. Yerke might see a pond on the grounds, where the fish was being preserv-

Soon after, Mr. Janson came in. But scarcely had he had time to explain the cause of his absence at dinner, when a servant appeared, and told him he "How tiresome" exclaimed Mrs. Hip-

"A doctors time is never his own," he remarked, good-humoredly. "Is it my surgery boy?" he inquired of the servant.

"No, sir. It is a footman from Alnwick

Cottage. He says your boy sent him on This excited the alarm of Mrs. Yorke 'Leopold mus; be worse!" she exclaimed.
As it proved to be. Master Leopold was ook worse, the man said, a-talking nonsense, and not knowing a word of it, and hotter than ever. Finch was frightened,

and had sent him for Mr. Janson Mrs. Yorke grew frightened also, and said she must go home immediately.— They tried to keep her, and to soothe her fears. Mr Janson said he would make haste to the Cottage, and return to report to her. It was of no use; her mother fears were painfully aroused. Neither would she wait until Mr. Yorke came in. She loved her children passionately. "Then, if you must go, I will be your

escort, if you will allow me," said Mr.

"Indeed, I shall be much obliged to you," she answered. And hurriedly put-ting on her shawl, she departed with him, one of the ladies lending her a black silk hood for her head. She had anticipated returning in the carriage. It was a beau-tiful night in September, nearly as light as day, for the harvest moon was high just the night poets are fond of consecra, ting to lovers; but Mr. Janson and Mrs-Yorke walked along, fast, and in a sedate composure, neither remembering—at least, so far as was suffered to appear—that they had ever been more to each other

than they were now. The three gentlemen were strolling along the banks of the fish-pond, smoking their cigars, and talking. Suddenly one of them espied a couple walking arm in-arm on the path in the higher ground some distance off.

"It looks like Janson," said Squire Hipgrave. "That's just his walk; and that's the way he flourishes his cane, Who is the lady, 1 wonder? Master Janson! a good excuse for not joining us: you are more agreeably em-

Mr. Yorke smiled grimly; his eye, keer as it was, had failed to recognize his wife, for the hood disguised her. They smoked out their cigars, and returned to the

"Have we not got a joke against Jan son!" cried Squire Hipgrave. "I'll rate him for not coming. He's walking about in the moonlight with some damselon his arm, as snug as may be."

"Is he, now?" returned one of the ladies, numoring the joke. "Who can it be?" "Oh, some of our village beauties. Maybe Lucy Maskell. Master Janson has got an eye for a pretty girl, I know, quiet as he seems. He's making love to her hard enough, I'll be bound."

"Then you had better look out Mr. Yorke," said Mrs. Hipgrave, with a laugh. 'The lady is your own wife.' She had spoken annocently, never for

moment dreaming that her words could bear any interpretation but that of a joke to the ear of Mr. Yorke. And happily expression which arose to his face. He had turned it to the window, as if he would look out on the pleasant moon-

light. "How comes it to be Mrs. Yorke?" demanded the squire. And his wife explained: telling of the summons to Mr Janson, the fever of the child. Still Mr. Yorke did not speak. One of the party advanced, and stood at his side 'A fine prospect from this window, is

"Very. "Will you cut for whist? How unforunate to have our tables broken up! We cannot make two, now. Janson rarely plays at cards, but I meant to have press

ed him into service to-night. "I am going home," said Mr. Yorke.
"Nonsensel" said Mrs. Hipgrave. "The
child will do very well. Mr. Janson, did not seem to anticipate danger. He said nurses were easily alarmed.

"I expect he did not," drily remarked Mr. Yorke. "Thank you, not to-night," he added, turning from the cards spread out to him. "Another time." "Yorke's in a fever over that child," remarked the squire, knowingly, as his cusk which was eighteen inches in length, guest departed. "I can read it in his On dressing the fish, he found a perch in-

child; but Mr. Yorke was in a fever over something else. He was positively be-lieving, in spite of improbabilities, that the story of the illness had been a got up excuse, got up between his wife and Mr. Janson, to include in this night walk of a mile and a half. And he clenched his hands, and gnashed his teeth, and strode fiercely along in his foaming jealousy. It is a passion which has turned many a

nsible man to madness. He stole in at his own gate and reconnoitered the house. The drawing room was in darkness, its windows open; they were not there. A light shone up stairs in Leopold's chamber, and one also in his

wife's bed-room.

He stole up stairs, stealthily still, and entered the bedroom; his own, jointly with hers. The housemaid was turning down the bed.

"Is your mistress come home?" asked he, speaking, perhaps unconsciously to himself, in a whisper. "Yes,sir; she came in with Mr. Janson.

"Yes, sir, she came in with Mr. Janson. They are with Master Leopold."

Up higher yet, but quietly still, till he reached Leopold's room. His wife stood there, at the foot of the bed, her shawl still on, and the hood fallen back from her head, and Mr. Janson was seated on a chair at its side, leaning over Leopold, his watch in one hand, the child's wrist in the other. He lay on his back, his little face a transparent white, as it had been face a transparent white, as it had been lately, and his cheeks and lips a most

lovely pink crimson. His eyes were wide open, and looked very bright.

"Papa!" said he, half raising his hand, when Mr. Yorke entered.

"I don't know why Finch should have been so frightened," said Mrs Yorke, to her husband. "He is quite rational now, and seems but little worse than he usually

does when the fever is upon him. "What do you mean by having thus sent to alarm us?" demanded Mr. Yorke, in a sharp irritable tone, as Finch entered the room with a night-light, which she had been down to get. "Frightened, indeed! Did you send?"

"I never knew any child change so," returned she almost a light-light.

returned she, almost as irritably as her master. "He was burning with fever, as bad as he ever had been days ago, and delirious again. It alarmed me, sir, and I sent off for Mr. Janson: I didn't send for you and my mistress. No sooner had the man gone than he dropped asleep, and has now woke up calm—almost as much as to insinuate that I am telling

"This class of fevers will fluctuate," interposed Mr. Janson, "One hour the pa-tient seems at death's door, and the next scarcely ill at all. Something has cer-tainly increased it to-night, but he will do

"If ever I saw any human body changed as the master is, since we came here!" uttered Finch to Charlotte, that same evening. "Formerly he used to be pleasant enough in the house, unless any great thing crossed him, but now he's as growling and snappish as a bull put up for baiting. I wonder my mistress does not give him a bit of her mind! I wish he'd go off to Scotland as he did last

[Continued next week.]

A GRASSHOPPER STORY.

Near Topeka, Kan., I talked with a farmer who planted a thousand acres of corn, but did not gather an ear. Last year he sold corn for 17 cents, and this year he was shipping it from Iowa at \$1 25. He sat on the balcony mourning the utter destruction of his crop. "How did they come-the grasshop-

"They came like a shower, sir," he re-plied. "They came in a great shower from the west. They filled the air. They darkened the sun. They covered the stalk of corn until it was black? Then they ate the leaf, ate the stalk down to the young ear, and then ate the little ear,

"Cob and all, sir?" "Yes, cob and all. Why don't you ee that 1,000 acres of corn out there now?" he exclaimed-"standing like broken whip-stocks?

What else did they eat?" I asked "Why, they are every leat off the peach trees, are the young peaches, leav-ing the stones, and there stood my trees leafless, bearing a crop of peach stones. They are little cottonwood limbs an inch thick, they are my beets, turnipe, and nions clean down in the ground-hollowed 'em out, leaving the rind-ate cigar stubs, sir, and-"Hold up!" I said, "that's too much;

that's-" "But it's the solemn truth, sir. Why one night I sat on the balcony with the engineer of the Santa Fe road. The hoppers had piled up against the west side of the house three feet thick. It was a crawling, stinking, nasty pile. The balcony was covered. I threw down a quid of tobacco, and the hoppers covered

it and ate it up in a few minutes, an when I put my foot on a pile of them, the rest sailed in and ate the smashed ones Why, when I went to build my fires this fall, the stoves wouldn't draw, on examining to learn the cause, I found she did not see the livid look, the strange the flues were full of hoppers. They filled expression which arose to his face. He the air with a horrid stench. They ered the pools and the springs with their isonous green excrescence, and made the cattle sick, they made the hens and the turkeys sick, and they fairly made me Why I've seen them so thick on the railroad that they'd stop a traingrease the track till the locomotive wheels would roll over and over.

"What became of them?" I asked. "They flew east. They always flew in the daytime and ate at night. They went through my corn field in a day, and the next day they were a half mile to the east.

"And the trees?" "Why, they all leaved out again, and many of them blossomed over again, and tried to bear fruit, and bore it till the frost came. In my trees you'd see dead peach stones and pink blossoms-all together. Oh, it was a mournful sight, sir-dreadful" and the farmer drew a long sigh,-Cor. New York Sun.

A correspondent tells of a fisherman at Lake Winnipiseogee, who lately caught a But at night the child was so ill and manner. Did you notice how it altered? side of him which was just nine inches uneasy that Mr. Yorke himself sent for the What a nuisance children must be! Glad long, and inside of this a perch just four side of him which was just nine inches , and a half inches long.

NO. 5.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A Patterson, N. J., clergyman skates three miles to church this winter Oakland, Cal., has a Presbyterian Sur

There are nominally eighty-nine Epis copal churches and chapels in New York A Rhode Island man broke his boy's

ribs because he would not attend Sunday

Five hundred and twenty-eight persons have joined the Brooklyn Tabernacle within the past nine months.

During 1874 the Roman Catholics lost death three Bishops in this county-Whelap, McFarland and Bacon. It has been noted that of the eight

Bishops chosen by the Episcopal Church since October last, five are under forty years of age.

The Episcopalians propose forming a general Church Building Society. The scheme has received the approval of most of the bishops. At East Elmore, 'Vt., four years' ago there was but one praying family; now there is a church of 120 members, and the

revival is still progressing. Father Chaniquy, the French convert from Romanism, is said to have induced twenty families to leave the Roman Catholic Church at Putnam, Conn.

The Wesleyan Methodists are prepar-ing to build a Theological college at St. Lambert, principally for French Canadian young men preparing for the ministry. The Bishops of Hildesheim and Mun-ster have had their salaries from the State

withdrawn on account of their persisten disregard of the ecclesiastical laws. Spurgeon thinks anything legitimate to shake a congregation into attention. He advocates a game of battledore and shuttle-cock in the pulpit, and says he knew a clergyman wno tried the experi-

The Detroit Free Press tells of a man who claims to have traded horses thirty seven times, and cheated the other man every time, and yet when his wife died the other day he promised to meet her in heaven.

79 churches and 18,125 church members; Methodists, 75 churches and 19,770 members; Presbyterians, 72 churches and 22,035 members; Baptists, 51 churches and 16;507 members. There is a marked revival among the Mohammedans at Lucknow. Old, described temples have been repaired, and

In Philadelphia the Episcopalians have

are crowded with worshipers. Street preaching has been resorted to and schools have been opened in which the doctrines of Islamism are taught. Retorts from China record the recent destruction of the home of the two Mis-sionaries connected with the China Inland Mission. The Missionaries were forced to fly for their lives, leaving all their property in the hands of the mob.

The Independent says: A correspondent hev a long one. of the denominational newspapers chronicle the fact that a clergyman "is doing of different materials." service in this part of the Lord's vineyard and with auspicious omens.

However rich a man may be, however titled, however proud, let him go his way backwards. with homility, remembering that he is only about the two-billionth only about the two-billionth part of the population of the world, and that he will some day die and be missed by men just about as much as a mashed grasshopper

s missed by his swarm. The Western Baptist Educational Unon has purchased the Patee House, the git a living. largest hotel at St. Joseph, Mo., with the ntention of turning it into a Baptist University. The articles of incorporation place the endowment fund of the new colege at \$300,000, with power to increase it to \$1,000,000.

At the Consistory held Dec. 21, the Pope nominated several titular bish-for Italian, French, and Spanish dioce Seventeen bishops, in partibus, were also nominated. The Pope, in addressing the cardinals, after the close of the Consistory, everely censured those ecclesisatics who took part in the late election to the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

During the erection of his new church at Elmira, which is to be the largest Protestant church building in New York State, Rev. Tom Beecher has preached at the opera house, every Sunday evening, one cent admission being charged. The size of the audience at this novel figure has

een sufficient to cover expenses. The Rev. Barnabas Root a native African, was recently ordained by a Congregational Council in New York city. He was brought to the United Sates in 1859, and shortly afterwards returned to West Africa to work among his own people. He came back again to study in 1863, and ince then has graduated at Knox College, Ill., and studied for three years in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He goes

Alcibiades had a shrewd way of divertng attention from his vices. He once paid 70 minæ (about \$1,400) for a dog of remarkable size and beauty, and generalnd when his friends scolded him, and said that everybody was vexed about the dog and was abusing him, he answered, with a laugh, "That is what I want. I wish them to talk about this, that they may say nothing worse of me.

Did it ever strike the reader that there

must be a great deal of skill, and art, and votes itself to Jail Building, and to me our nishing of Cages, Cells, Locks, Handcuffs, Shackles, Balls and Chains. We shouldn't suppose it a very jolly business to engage that anadering the necessity of securis week, where her lather had driven her on the street at Boston, last week, where her lather had driven her on the street at Boston, last week, where her lather had given hirth to ty, of convenience and of ventilation, discovering that she had given birth to it must require good judgment and fidelity in no usual degree. At the west it isn't ed to the hospital, where she died on Satmerely the breaking out of jail which is urday. Though her father had just been to be guarded against, but also the tendency of the community to break in, with see her bady, or have anything to do with a view to summary lynch proceedings. a view to summary lynch proceedings. We should suppose that a Jail Builder would now and then like to refresh him-

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SPLINTERS.

Cycles of time-leicles.

Down in the mouth-Your throat. The traces of tears draw sympathy A person who wags his head is a wag.

To bail a tongue-Drink scalding cof-A mortgage is a difficult thing to satis-

To kill time-Take a horse and sleigh

The stamp of civilization-The postage

Chairs should not be covered with silk,

Corporal punishment-Reducing him to-Swallows may skim the air, but they can't skim milk.

A church fair-The beautiful being who sings soprano. A rough estimate—guessing that you can knock a man down.

To "bone" a turkey—Take it when the coulterer is not looking. To prevent meat from spoiling in the summer-Eat it up in the spring. How to make good puffs Send the publisher 50 cents a line for them.

It's never too late to mend, except when a stocking is worn away in the instep. Many people have the facility of look-If a pair of spectacles could speak what historian would they name. Eu-se bisas. In the earthquake region of California t is reported that "real estate is active."

All games of chance, except running for office, will be suppressed by law in Virginia. Old Sojourner Truth is still living. She is centennially expected to go to Philadel-

An Illinois farmer put a sign over his pond since it froze over. It reads, "Take Linen rubber lined bose, is becoming very popular in New York-with the fire

department, of course. What class of people has done most to-ward populating this country? The Smith manufacturing company.

A Nevada editor gravely announces that he never can write fluidly until he's had a glass or two of whisky. Information Wanted.

Will sum benighn being explane to me:
Why a dog alwass turns around 3 times
before he lies down.
Why a horse alwass gits up oph from
the ground on his forward feet fust.
Why a cow alwass gits up oph from
the ground on her behind feet fust.
Why, when a man gits lost in the
woods, or on the plains, he alwass walks
in a cirkle.

Why a goose stands fust on one leg and then on tuther. Why rabbits hev a short tail and cats Why most of the birds bild their nests

Why a hen alwass knows her py conglomeration of Christian and Hea-hatch out 12 duck eggs and then think then cant. Why a bear alwass klimbs down a tree

Why a turkey's eggs are speckled, and

a duck's eggs blue. Whether a log floats faster in a river than the current runs, or not. Why an oyster and a klam are the don't hev to move out of their places to

their ears twice az long az a horse's. Why a pig gathers straw in his mouth and runs about with them just before a rain storm. Why litening waz never known to strike a beech tree.

Why a mule's bones are all solid, and

Why the males among the feathered race do all the singing.

Why natur will allow a cross between ome animals and then no more.
Why the blak snaik iz the only snaik in this country that can klimb a tree Where the flies all go to when the kold

from so sudden next summer. Why a musk rat's tail haz no fur on it, and a mink's haz. Why a quail's egg is round and a hen's There is lots ov hily eddicated peop

weather sets in, and where they all come

who won't believe the Book ov Genesis because they kant prove it, who kant answer korrectly one-third ov the above questions.—Josh Billings. nals of Paris asked the manager of a thea-ter to give him two seats for a certain perter to give him two seats for a certain per-formance. The manager refused and the journalist said to him, "Your refusal will cost you 40,000 francs." For six months after the paper praised the theater in this wise; "Monsieur X. is a magnificent di-rector. He has a good company and his entertainments are excellent. His man-agement is intelligence. He agement is intelligent. He knows what the people want. What a pity it is that the staircases of the theater are wood. If a fire should break out the audience would have but little chance of escape." result of this was that the manager was compelled to buil i an iron staircase which

Large and attractive signboards are a great feature of Chinese shops, and the words upon them are a strange mixture of the flowery literature of the land and the advertising instinct of a commercial peo-ple. Here are some of the signs of Pekin: "Shop of Heaven and Luck," "The Shop conscientious edification in the building of a good, serviceable jail? Here is a firm in St. Louis which advertises that it devotes itself to Jail Building, and to the fursions of the street of the

cost him 50,000 francs.

It is a pitiable spectacle to see a religself by putting up a church or two-but | jour banker, late at night, trying to set the "combination" on his front door knob.